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POSTHUMOUS POEMS,

BY

MISS M. A. CAMPBELL.

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Woodstock 1835

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## POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

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### THE WARRIOR.

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He has mounted his courser, and onward he hies,  
With the speed of the falcon, athwart the blue skies ;  
One sigh to his love, one lowly-breathed prayer,  
And the gleam of his sword dances bright through the  
air.

The eye of his courser with war's fire is lit,  
Proudly dashing the foam in flakes from the bit,  
The breath of his nostrils, like the burning siroc,  
Or the spray of the cataract ascending in smoke,  
He pricks up his ears to the deep voice of war,  
And defiant his neigh to the trumpets afar :  
Bendulah ! Bendulah ! how eager thy pace,  
Like the hound of the hunter when boun' for the chase ;  
Then onward my steed, till the high ground we clear,  
Then dash at the foe with a bound and a cheer.  
Like a rock from the hills dashing down on the plain,  
We'll cleave us a path grimly marked with the slain,  
'Neath the red eye of battle reap fame and renown,  
And pluck off the garlands from Victory's crown !  
ZORRA, Nov. 1856.

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### BALLAD.—KNIGHT AND LADY.

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Adieu, adieu ! my lady fair,  
The trumpet's brazen call  
Invites me to the battle field,  
To fight, or bravely fall.  
My war horse trembles with delight,  
His gleaming eyeballs glare,  
And tossing high his flowing mane,  
His neighings fill the air.

Adieu, Adieu ! my lady fair,  
 Time speeds, I must away,  
 Before the east again proclaims  
 The bright return of day.  
 I go to grasp a hero's crown,  
 Or fill a hero's grave,  
 Where gallant armies stem war's tide,  
 By Alma's trembling wave.

Adieu, adieu ! my lady fair !  
 The life blood thrills my veins,  
 A strange wild joy hath fill'd my soul,  
 Which scarce thy love restrains.  
 High fly my thoughts on fancy's wings,  
 That mock the eagle's flight,  
 And in mine ear a war song sings,  
 That lures me to the fight.

Adieu, adieu ! my lady fair :  
 Why doth those tears arise,  
 Like vapoury clouds obscuring light  
 From blue ethereal skies.  
 Though death and danger 'mid the fight  
 Display their awful forms,  
 The pine that crowns the mountain's brow  
 Oft stands the fiercest storms.

Adieu, adieu ! my lady fair !  
 Again the trumpet's blast  
 Calls to the field each warrior bold—  
 I would not be the last.  
 If fate should spare me through the strife,  
 Where hosts on hosts combine,  
 I'll back to thee again, my love,  
 And call thee ever mine.

### LADY.

Adieu, adieu ! my gallant Knight !  
 I would not have thee stay  
 In lady's bower, or gay parterre,

But Glory's call obey.  
 I would not stay thy uplifted arm  
 Against our country's foes,  
 Or quench the fire within thy breast,  
 Where martial ardour glows.

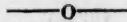
Adieu, adieu ! my gallant Knight !  
 And should thou nobly fall,  
 Thy country's banner round thee furled  
 Will form my warrior's pall.  
 The laurel o'er thy grave shall bloom,  
 And Fame's proud records tell,  
 " A Soldier sleeps beneath this tomb :  
 How well he fought ! how bravely fell ! "

Adieu, adieu ! my gallant Knight,  
 And bards shall sing thy fame,  
 While many tongues their skill applaud—  
 Thy deeds the inspiring theme.  
 O then one silent heart shall mourn,  
 And seek that hallow'd spot,  
 Blest, near the ashes of thy urn,  
 Though thou beholdest not.

Adieu, adieu ! my gallant Knight !  
 But while life's star shall burn  
 I'll chase those shadows from my breast,  
 And wait thy safe return.  
 The bark, by fiercest tempests tossed,  
 Hath safely crossed the main ;  
 And the lamp of joy rekindled burns  
 Where sorrow foster'd pain.

Adieu, adieu ! my gallant Knight !  
 A vision I have seen,  
 Even now before my eyes it glides,  
 By Alma's winding stream.  
 I see the hostile squadrons fly  
 Before our victor band ;  
 I see thee safe, triumphant shout  
 The war cry of our land,

Adieu, adieu ! my gallant Knight !  
 Then forth to battle hie,  
 To where proud Albion's flag unfurl'd,  
 Her red cross flaunts the sky,  
 Let thy bold deeds to fame give breath,  
 Nor my tears or sighs subdue  
 The lofty current of thy soul.—  
 My gallant Knight, adieu !



### SONG.

Written on the Return of the British Army from the  
 Crimea.

Daughters of famed Britain's Isle,  
 Raise a song to Glory's fane,  
 Sing the praises of the brave,  
 Conquerors by land and wave,  
 Who fought fair Liberty to save,  
 And won a deathless fame.

#### 2

See our brave defenders come  
 From the fields of blood and danger ;  
 They have lulled the voice of war,  
 On their breasts are many a scar,  
 They have fought for freedom's star,  
 And nobly have avenged her.

#### 3

Emblems of our glorious land  
 Triumphant fly in every clime ;  
 Bloom, ye flowers, and twine together,  
 That no daring hand may sever,  
 Or a single leaflet wither—  
 Unfading bloom thro' time.

#### 4

Then let us twine the brave a wreath,  
 With laurels be they crown'd ;

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Let gratitude each bosom swell—  
 All honor to the brave who fell,  
 In our hearts enshrined who dwell,  
 Undying and renowned.

ZORRA, Dec. 8, 1856.

—O—

### SPRING.

All nature chid my long delay  
 Ere I burst from my wintry sire ;  
 Ere his chilly fingers had melted away ;  
 But he grasped my robe, and forced my stay,  
 And shock his gray locks with ire.

But his chain I dissolved, and forth took wing,  
 O'er hills and o'er dales I sped ;  
 And voices of youth in my woodland's ring,  
 And joyfully cry, O indeed it is Spring !  
 Has dreary old Winter then fled ?

I climbed the brow of the mountain steep,  
 Where Winter held regal sway ;  
 And his icicled crown dashed from it's peak,  
 The glittering spray marked its downward leap,  
 Then laughing I held on my way.

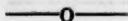
I've traced my steps where the wild flowers grew  
 Sequestered in nook and glade ;  
 And filled each cup with a pearly dew,  
 And o'er the brave rock a covering threw  
 Of ivy's greenest to shade.

By glittering streams I blithely came,  
 By pools in their drowsy sleep ;  
 In their mirror'd depths saw my form again,  
 While the birds poured forth a choral strain  
 That heightened the flush on my cheek.



For loudly they hailed me their fair spring queen,  
While a bright bow encircled me round  
With the liveliest colours of purple and green ;  
Hence artists oft' sketch that fairy scene—  
My brow by a rainbow crowned.

Zorra, 23rd March, 1867.



### THE INDIAN MAID'S LAMENT.

I hear the graceful willow sigh,  
As its leaves on the wild winds flutter by ;  
I see the blooming flow'et grow,  
Till angry winter lays it low.  
O, great Wahcondah ! hear my prayer ;  
Oh waft me to thy prairie fair,  
To thy bright land, no sorrow there !

#### 2

Bird of the pleasant beak\*, full long  
I've listened to thy thrilling song ;  
Fly to the land of my pale-faced brave,  
And whisper Tachechana yet wails o'er his grave  
Bear him a kiss along with this tear,  
And sing of the many I shed o'er his bier :  
Away, swiftly fly, the night draws near.

#### 3

Upward it wings its airy flight,  
Bathing its breast in the starry light,  
Now 'tis lost in deepening gloom,  
And leave's me to weep o'er Wasga's tomb,  
Yet shall it gain that land of rest,  
As true as the path to its secret nest.

#### 4

From its swelling throat a song will spring,  
Tho' drooping the while its weary wing,  
So plaintive and sad 'twill fill his ear,  
As it whispers the name he loves to hear.

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Tachechana, Tachechana, 'twill sing as sweet,  
As the murmuring rills that onward sweep  
On their crooked path to the mighty deep.

## 5

The leaves of the forest shall fade and wither,  
But the souls of the just shall live for ever.  
From evil Wahecondah shrouds his form,  
And his wrath is seen in the bursting storm ;  
He marks the path for the streams to flow,  
The winds he maketh to lull or blow,  
He calleth his children—they hear and go

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The North American Indians have a superstition,  
that thro' the medium of birds they can communicate  
with the spirits of the departed. " Pleasant Beak "  
means Singing Bird ; " Wahecondah," the Great Spirit.

arra, July, 1857.

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## SONG—THE STANDARD OF BRITAIN.

### I.

All hail to the flag of old England ! All hail !  
Let despots rule empires of slaves,  
Death the shade of our banner, the tyrant sinks pale.  
And Freedom exults where it waves.  
The Britannia's loud thunders the echoes awoke,  
And the smoke of her wrath round it curled,  
Right valour and fame had proclaimed it their own,  
Then three cheers for our standard unfurled.

### II.

And still it shall wave in the old face of Time,  
His hand may not crumble a fold,  
For it sweeps thro' his fingers, untarnished, sublime,  
And laughs at a thousand years old.  
The Britannia's loud thunder the echoes awoke,  
And the smoke of her wrath round it curled,

Bright valour and fame had proclaimed it their own.  
Then three cheers for our standard unfurled.

### III.

It has swept o'er the waves, since records can tell,  
And the nations have quailed at the sight,  
Before its bright gleam oppression aye fell,  
As it flew in the strength of its might.  
Ere Britannia's loud thunders the echoes awoke,  
And the smoke of her wrath round it curled,  
Bright valour and fame had proclaimed it their own.  
Then three cheers for our standard unfurled:

### IV.

Long may the sunshine of peace o'er it smile,  
As triumphant it waves o'er our shore,  
The light of the brave, the joy of our isle,  
Then all hail to the flag we adore.  
Ere Britannia's loud thunders the echoes awoke,  
And the smoke of her wrath round it curled,  
Bright valour and fame had proclaimed it their own.  
Then three cheers for our standard unfurled.

ZORRA, September 22, 1856.



## THE ROVER'S SERENADE.

O Maiden wake ! no longer stay ;  
My bark awaits in yonder bay ;  
Come ere the moonlight flitting dies,  
Haste ere the morning's blush arise.  
Come to the home of the fearless and free,  
To Gonsolve's swift bark on the deep-rolling sea  
List thee, maid, list thee maid, come with me !

### 2

Naiads shall arise from their crystal caves,  
And merrily sing on the curling waves,  
And the deep-toned ocean will hail my bride  
With a wilder song to his hoary tide.

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Come to the home of the fearless and free,  
To Gonsolve's swift bark on the deep-rolling sea:  
List thee, maid, list thee maid, come with me!

## 3

I've tuned my harp to the softest strain  
That ever was heard from the billowy main,  
It woo's thee from woods and meadows green  
To reign for ay the Ocean's Queen.

Come to the home of the fearless and free,  
To Gonsolve's swift bark on the deep-rolling sea:  
List thee, maid, list, come, come with me.

## 4

We'll wring bright gold from the cringing slave,  
To bedeck my bride on the dancing wave,  
And laugh with glee at the world's wide law,  
As they strike their flag to our wild hurrah!

Then come to the home of the fearless and free,  
To Gonsolve's swift bark on the deep-rolling sea:  
List thee, maid, list! come, come with me.

BRA, 4th January, 1857.

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### IMPRESSIONS.

When joy and hope smiled on my way,  
With visions bright of varied ray;  
When in my heart there lurked no sorrow  
To dim the prospect of the morrow,  
This world appeared a world of joy,  
Pure, fair and bright, without alloy,  
Like some calm, lustrous, brilliant star,  
Casting its radiance from afar,  
Till tempests rise, and darkening clouds  
At once its beauteous form enshrouds,  
Or like the dew-drop on the leaf,  
A dream as dazzling and as brief,  
We hardly see the bow of heaven,

(A sign to man in mercy given)  
 Crown the far summit of the sk  
 Ere its bright colours fading die.  
 With rapture o'er the flower we gaze—  
 Alas ! how soon its hue decays !  
 And yet, O Man ! though God has given  
 Signs such as these, ye seek not heaven,  
 Where purest joys unsullied bloom,  
 Far far beyond the silent tomb,  
 But love to dwell where pleasure flows,  
 Heedless of Him who life bestows,  
 Yielding the heart to earthly sway,  
 While life's swift tide ebbs fast away.  
 My dream is o'er. Earth's reign is past,  
 And now I see my way at last ;  
 I've view'd great Nature's wond'rous power ;  
 Admired the hue of every flower ;  
 Seen orient sunset deck the west.  
 And wished to live in scenes so blest ;  
 But Nature changed her aspect mild,  
 To chide the dream of Nature's child,  
 Till, humbled, and with shrinking form,  
 I prayed to Him who rules the storm.  
 Then bright-eyed FAITH could see afar  
 The gleaming of a glorious star,  
 Salvation's banner by its light unfurled  
 Allures to heaven a fallen world.

ZORRA, 15th January, 1857.

### DIEGE.

Written on the death of two Brothers, 80  
 of the late Rev. J. C—s.

Coldly they lie in the dark clayey beds,  
 Whilst the tempest around them is raving,  
 But little list they, for their spirits are fled,  
 And glorious laurels are twined round their heads

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As they join with the saints loudly praising.

They welcomed the angel of death as he flew  
To release them from bondage and sorrow,  
And smiled as they felt his cold clammy dew,  
Nor fear'd they the flight of the arrows he threw,  
Nor sighed for the bright beaming morrow.

Ah no ! they well knew a morrow more bright,  
Awaited their exit from this,  
For peace round their souls like a halo of light  
Its lustre spread o'er their aerial flight,  
As they sped for the regions of bliss—

Where Time's chilly breath no longer can blight,  
Or cause each fair flower to decay,  
For there love and Joy for ever unite,  
And day beaming fair, undarkened by night,  
Shall reign in that kingdom for aye.

But still the fond grief of a mother must flow,  
O'er those she held dear to her heart,  
And friendship's tears shall join in her woe,  
As they gaze on the tombs of those laying low,  
Whilst memory their virtues impart.

Coldly they lie in their dark clayey beds,  
Whilst the tempest around them is raging,  
But little list they for their spirits are fled,  
And glorious laurels are twined round their heads,  
As they join with the saints loudly praising.

ORRA, October 3, 1856.

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### THE ROYAL EXILE'S LAMENT.

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Far of my race, on yon ocean-bound shore  
The dark cloud of fate hath o'ershadowed thy ray,

And the hearts that throb'd love to thy beacon of joy  
 Now moulder in dust, or in exile decay.  
 Wild is the theme of Culloden's dread story,  
 Orb of the brave, with the wane of thy beam,  
 That field wherein Woe, on her sable wings gory,  
 Hath chanted the dirge of my fast fleeting glory,  
 And wept o'er a fugitive King !

## 2

Albin ! thy Prince in exile deplores thee ;  
 Land of my kindred, I bid thee farewell !  
 Yet alas ! in my dreams thy mountains surround me  
 Re-echoing the pibroch's wild notes as they swell ;  
 There the eagle supremely exults o'er his home,  
 Commingling his shrieks with the cataract's roar,  
 Which veils the rude crag in the breath of its foam,  
 And rises sublime in its wildness alone.—  
 Loved land ! shall I see thee no more !

## 3

Ye dark waves of memory, all wildly ye roll,  
 And dim is my sight with the spray showers ye cast,  
 As unceasing ye dash o'er the rock of my soul,  
 And torture my spirit with deeds of the past.  
 My famine-shrunk host again looms on my sight,  
 As like storm-driven billows they rushed to their doom,  
 High flashed their claymours like meteors bright,  
 That play in the dark lowering bosom of night  
 Again to be lost in its gloom.

## 4

My destiny's marked ! Woestamp'd the dread seal !  
 Meet emblem—the Raven that gorged on the brave,  
 With the heathbell that drooped with the blood of the  
 Gael,  
 The scaffold's grim shade, the dungeon and grave.  
 But the song of the bards yet shall awaken  
 The silence that reigns o'er the homes of the slain ;  
 And this desolate heart, though in solitude breaking  
 Can rejoice in that Loy'ly, unflinching, unshaken,  
 That o'er Death throws a halo of Fame.

ZORRA, September, 1857.

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ZORRA.

## NIGHT.

The shadowy twilight seals the eye of day,  
 And ushers in the sable god of night,  
 Senseless and slow o'er nature glides his way,  
 And shields the distant landscape from the sight :  
 His throne regained, beneath his brow of clouds,  
 His eye of moonbeams dance athwart the waves,  
 And stars unnumbered vying spangle bright,  
 On his broad brow, and gilds the azure dome with light,

## 2

The voice of nature is a low-breathed sigh,  
 And all is hushed save the fierce torrent's roar,  
 Like man, forth rushes to eternity  
 Reckless and wild, like him returns no more.  
 The strange mysterious silence still prevails,  
 Save when 'tis startled by the night bird's shriek,  
 With untiring wing he hovers o'er  
 The ruined fane, all crumbling dark and hoar.

## 3

The humid vapors veil the gloomy swamps,  
 And fire-flies flash their lucient wings on high,  
 Humming and lighting their phosphorient lamps,  
 Like the mock meteors of a lower sky.  
 Silence and night hold undisputed sway,  
 And deeper yet the opaque shadows fall,  
 Still warned by early chanticleer's shrill cry,  
 That the bright morn and her gay feather'd choir are nigh,

## 4

Nature anticipates the orient glow,  
 And night, like Monarch shorn of diadem,  
 Resigns the strife reluctantly and slow,  
 With lowering front and dignity of mien,  
 Until like fading ghost he wanes from view,  
 Before the laughing eye of early morn,  
 Half hid amid her golden locks, whose beams  
 Are mirrored in a thousand lakes and flowing streams.



## ON THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER MONTREAL.

A gallant ship lies anchor'd on the deep,  
 The light winds wait her pennon to and fro,  
 While sadden'd faces round her wail and weep,  
 And parting tears are mingled as they flow.  
 And there are vows of love and friendship given,  
 With bursting sob, and mute appeals to Heaven !  
 Locked in a fond embrace, perhaps the last,  
 Behold the mother, brother, sister, sire,  
 Hand clasped in hand, how can I paint their grief,  
 With the faint breathing of my untaught lyre.

## 2

Loose from her moorings, now she breasts the tides,  
 The winds lie nestling in her spreading sails,  
 That proudly bulge beyond her dusky sides,  
 Like eastern Houri thro' her mazy vail,  
 And weeping eyes are turned to Scotia's shore,  
 Eyes that again may view her hills no more,  
 And snowy kerchiefs wave a long adieu,  
 While o'er the water comes a fainter cheer,  
 And distant forms are waning from the sight,  
 And native scenes—to each to all how dear.

## 3

The night hath gone—again shines forth the day,  
 And hope hath dashed from every eye the tears,  
 As the good ship cast from her prow the spray  
 And proudly buoyant o'er the wave careers.  
 Thus day by day their westward course they urge  
 O'er foaming billows and fierce seething surge,  
 Till Canada rises to their wond'ring gaze.  
 Britannia's daughter, prosperous in her youth,  
 And Abram's heights, where brave Montcalm fell,  
 And victory crowned the great immortal Wolfe !

## 4

Like some huge monster resting from her toil  
 The gallant ship now at her anchor swings,  
 While busy tars the ropes in order coil,  
 And thro' her decks the voice of laughter rings,

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er sails are furled, no more she stems the waves,  
nd from her peak the British ensign waves,  
hile eager gather round her anxious crowd,  
To gain the steamer wareing on her lee,  
ke mortals blind to their impending doom,  
They haste to seal fate's dire but sure decree.

## 5

on by her side the noisy steamer lies,  
Her belching breath 'scapes from her iron throat,  
jutting clouds that wreath her masts on high,  
Or on the breeze in curling eddies float,  
ll from her wheels the vexed waters break,  
at foam and bubble in her troubled wake.  
y, hope and gladness, cheer the fated band,  
No more fond mothers heave the anxious sigh,  
he Grandsire smiles, his thoughts ascend to Heaven,  
nd tears of gratitude bedim his aged eye.

## 6

he rosy tints that deck the morning's gleam  
Oft prove a prelude to the thunder's roar,  
e man's fond hopes are but a baseless dream,  
A transient joy, scarce felt, then seen no more.  
ather of all ! we bless thy kind decree,  
hy wond'rous love that veils futurity !  
hen, oh ! poor wanderers, o'er your visions smile,  
Muse o'er some cot by rural beauty graced,  
p fancy's cup of bliss e'er it be dashed,  
By death's cold hand too soon to be erased.

## 7

he broad St. Lawrence rolls in Queenly pride,  
Her gleaming waters, to the boundless sea,  
ke man that down the stream of life doth glide,  
On, on to that dread bourn, Eternity.  
nd there perchance be some of graver mind,  
ho in that river's ebb or flow a moral find.  
ut hark ! each voice gives forth a loud alarm,  
And hurrying feet now tread the vessel's deck,  
he infant pratter stays its lisping tale,  
And wildly clings around the mother's neck.

## 8

'Tis Fire! 'tis fire! a hundred throats exclaim,  
High leaps the flame, fann'd by the wind's strong  
breath.

All art to quench it hath, alas! proved vain,  
And nought surrounds them but a speedy death.  
No master mind is there their fate to sway,  
All is confusion, all is dire dismay.

Oh! where the prompt decision or the seaman brave  
Who undismayed thro' every danger steers,  
While firm and collected at his post he stands,  
Commends the brave, the weak and timid cheers.

## 9

The fiery demon rampant tow'rs o'er all,  
And laps her timbers with his tongues of flame,  
The stifling smoke wreathes round them as a pall,  
And few upon that scathed deck remain.  
They seek a refuge in the treacherous wave,  
To 'scape a fiery death, and find a watery grave.  
Wildly for life they at a bubble grasp,  
With outstretched arms in vain for aid implore,  
Until they sink, with one long hopeless cry,  
And gain, O grant it Heaven! thy blessed shore,

## 10

The mighty river rushes o'er the dead,  
And kindly strangers lend a ready hand,  
Theirs the sad task to search its watery bed,  
And bear the lifeless bodies to the land,  
While the sad remnant of that fated crew  
Crowd round in fear and hope the dead to view,  
And with convulsive sob the pallid clay they kiss  
Of some dear Mother, Sister, Sire, or Son!  
O grant us grace, thro' sorrow's darkest hour,  
To pray Our Father's will, not our's, be done!"

ZORRA, 1st Nov. 1857.



## THE PROPS

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# THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SIR WM. WALLACE.

Rouse thee, Scotchmen, one and all,  
 Rouse thee to the sacred call :  
 Thy hero claims of thee a Fane,  
 Worthy of his patriot fame.  
 Pile it upward, pile it high,  
 Pile it to the middle sky,  
 Build it upward, stone on stone,  
 Till the earth beneath it groan,  
 Till Colossus-like it stands,  
 Raised by patriot hearts and hands,  
 Sublime—in simple majesty,  
 Worthy alike of Him and thee—  
 The noblest shrine to Liberty.

The spirits of thy noble Sires  
 May flit around its lofty spires,  
 And joy that Scotland yet can feel  
 For patriot deed and martial zeal,  
 That Liberty's seraphic fire  
 E'en now her deeds and thoughts inspire.  
 Then, Scotchmen ! hearts and hands unite,  
 In honor of thy Wallace wight,  
 Or let your boast again ne'er be  
 That Warrior stern, that patriot free,  
 The noble Knight of Elderslie !

When nobles fled, or basely yield,  
 Thy Wallace still maintained the field,  
 With dauntless heart and stalwart hand  
 Hurl'd the invader from the land.  
 When most desperate grew the fight,  
 Then rose thy Hero in his might,  
 And pealing forth his battle cry,  
 Led on thy sires to victory !  
 Dauntlessly Tyranny he withstood,  
 And sealed the compact with his blood,  
 That gave to him a deathless fame,  
 A victor's meed, a martyr's claim,  
 Left thee a Nation, and a name.

## SONG FOR THE CHANNEL FLEET.

The Spirit of the Storm, boys,  
 The wild tornado rides,  
 Hark to his tireful tempest strains !  
 O'er hoary ocean's wide domain  
 He calls her angry tides ;  
 The heaving ocean hears his call,  
 Sends forth her surging billows all  
 White seathing from her sides.  
 Then hail ye warring elements !  
 Thy nurslings bid ye hail !  
 Where flies the British flag more free  
 Than on the piping gale ?

## 2

Aloft the signal flies, boys !  
 The line of battle form !  
 Then from the land each noble ship,  
 From wave to wave, like dolphins skip,  
 To battle with the storm :  
 Bravely our signall'd course we keep,  
 And buoyant o'er the waters sweep,  
 On created billows borne.  
 Then hail ye warring elements !  
 Thy nurselings bid ye hail !  
 Where flies the British flag more free  
 Than on the piping gale ?

## 3

The hurricane is on us boys !  
 We spring his wrath to meet !  
 Nor hearts nor hands before it quail—  
 We're nurselings of the howling gale  
 That man the Gallant fleet.  
 Bent is each spar—the springing masts  
 Seem parrying with the shrieking blasts  
 That scourge the rolling deep.  
 Then hail ye warring elements !  
 Thy nurslings bid ye hail !  
 Where flies the British flag more free  
 Than on the piping gale ?

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## 4

The tempest demon howls, boys,  
 Old Ocean rolls in foam !  
 Mid blinding rain and flying spray,  
 Undaunted cleave our watery way,  
 Nor heed the tempest's moan,  
 Firm at his post, each hardy tar  
 Is prompt to meet the stormy war,  
 On planks that quivering groan.

Then hail ye warring elements !  
 Thy nurslings bid ye hail !  
 Where flies the British flag more free  
 Than on the piping gale ?

## 5

Triumphantly we ride, boys,  
 A brave and gallant sight ;  
 Our streaming pendants flaunting fly,  
 Mid muttering elements that die  
 All baffled by our might.  
 Long may Britannia rule the wave,  
 Her feet the rushing billows lave,  
 Her cause the cause of right.

Then hail ye warring elements !  
 Thy nurslings bid ye hail !  
 Where flies the British flag more free  
 Than on the piping gale.

## 6

Unsprung is every spar, boys,  
 Our tackles taught and trim ;  
 Our storm-tried fleet now seek the shore ;  
 The fierce tornado's shock we bore,  
 And clipped the tempest's wing.  
 Again the tow'ring wave we'll climb,  
 Again we'll quaff old Neptune's brine,  
 And to his mane we'll cling.

Then hail ye warring elements !  
 Thy nurslings bid thee hail !  
 Where flies the British flag more free  
 Than on the piping gale ?

## SHADOWS.

There are shadows impending  
O'er all that is fair,  
To darken the prospect,  
Or dim life with care.

And shadows of sadness  
O'er joy oft will creep,  
Till the sorrowing soul  
Hath no power to weep.

There are shadows that hang  
O'er a life to the tomb,  
As night enshrouds day  
In the depths of its gloom.

And shadows that blend  
With the laurels of fame,  
That environ the brow,  
With a nation's acclaim.

All things have a shadow,  
The darkest the grave,  
Where the soul hath no faith  
In its Maker to save.

Yet grief's darkest shadow  
The bosom will fly,  
As the spirit communes  
With its Saviour on high.

And the shadows of death  
Will fly the pure soul,  
As with pinions of glory  
It soars to its goal.

All things have a shadow,  
Save where Heaven's Throne  
In glorious Elysium  
Sheds brightness alone.

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## THE LAMENT OF GAEL.

strayed through that land which the Gael left in sorrow,  
 as the sun poured his last golden ray o'er the scene,  
 while the flowers slowly folded their leaves till the  
 morrow,

to unseal them more fair to his uprising beam ;  
 the birds trilled their song to the fast-fleeting day ;  
 the briar and heath-bell their fragrance wide cast,  
 in the wings of the Zephyr, that bore them away,  
 and wafted their odours as murmuring they passed.  
 The sun-tinted clouds the mountains were veiling,  
 whence the eagle looked forth from her eyrie unseen,  
 to spread her broad wings on the breeze proudly sailing.  
 While the glen and the cavern re-echoed her scream.  
 Enchanted I gazed—saw new beauties revealing,  
 which the wild hand of nature so plenteously flung,  
 when a soft strain of music around me came stealing,  
 and richer and clearer the symphony rung ;  
 how tremulously sad as a Requiem's moan,  
 mingled and swelled with the rush of a stream,  
 as a minstrel, all aged, dejected and lone,  
 poured his lay of regret to the sun's setting beam ;  
 his time-wasted form in sorrow low bending,  
 leath the cleft of a rock by the ivy o'erhung,  
 till the soft balmy eve with night's shadows was  
 blending,  
 at, unconscious to all, but the Lay he thus sung :—

Dear Land of my Fathers ! thou art one desolation,  
 from the Isles of the West to the heights of Ben-More ;  
 thy pibroch low wails the sad dirge of a nation,  
 in the heart-stricken strains of " LOCHABER NO MORE."

Oes, Albion my country ! thy glory's departed !  
 thy hunters and warriors shall know thee no more,  
 they're banished, dispersed, and pine broken-hearted  
 for the hills they so loved in their heart's deepest core.

They are gone like the mist from thy heath-covered  
 mountains ;



They are found not by river, strath, corrie or glen;  
No maidens trip blythe to thy moss-covered fountain;  
No echo gives back the bold shout of thy men.

See the brood of the eagle from yon pinnacle cast  
By the might of the tempest, lie prostrate below,  
Their eyrie so strong rudely shred on the blast,  
Meet type—yet how sad—of my country laid low!

Shame, shame on the avarice that prompted thy ruin  
Descendants of heroes, proud, noble and brave,  
That dispersed thee abroad like autumn leaves strewn  
To languish 'mid strangers far over the wave.

But Britain shall miss thee in her dark hour of danger  
When sedition or foemen her glory assail,  
And call for the broadswords that oft have avenged  
The injured and scattered brave sons of the Gael.

The records of time shall emblazen thy story  
With all that the LOYAL and valiant can claim;  
The wide world shall bend to thy high martial glory,  
Thy name be the FIRST on the bright roll of Fame!

---

### TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.

---

Hark! the war trump's thrilling call!  
Up, Canadians, one and all!  
Brook not that the martial strain  
Be sounded in thy ears in vain.  
Then rally with a cheer of cheers,  
In bands of gallant volunteers.

The gnarled oak that strongly grows,  
Hath yielded to thy echoing blows;  
Such men to foes can never yield,  
But victors prove in every field.  
Then rally with a cheer of cheers,  
In bands of gallant volunteers.

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Leave the counter and the mart,  
Come with patriotic heart,  
Undaunted take a manly stand,  
As Champions of our glorious land.  
Then rally with a cheer of cheers,  
In bands of gallant Volunteers.

Come, ye sons of honest toil !  
Come, ye yeomen of the soil !  
Come like whirlwinds in their wrath,  
Sweep the invaders from your path.  
Then rally with a cheer of cheers,  
In bands of gallant Volunteers.

And Britain's Flag in front shall wave,  
A meteor star to lure the brave ;  
And Britain's sons direct thy might,  
And nobly aid thee in the fight.  
Then rally with a cheer of cheers,  
In bands of gallant Volunteers.

Oh ! shrink not from the deadly game !  
Where danger reigns, there dwelleth fame ;  
'Twill wreath a LAUREL round thy SHEAF ;  
Turn to green bays thy Maple Leaf.  
Then rally with a cheer of cheers,  
In bands of gallant Volunteers !

ERRA, 4th January, 1862.

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### TO CANADA.

---

coming events cast their shadows before."—CAMPBELL.

By ensanguined fields, by hecatombs slain,  
By anarchy's gigantic stride.  
Come, Patriots, forth from hill and plain,  
And rank thee firmly side by side ;

Let Volunteers their ranks re-form—  
'Tis yet the calm before the storm.

Dream not of Peace with War so near :  
The oppressor's eye is on your land :  
By all that man holds sacred, dear,  
Prepare the invaders to withstand :  
Let Volunteers their ranks re-form—  
'Tis yet the calm before the storm.

The rich, the poor, the young, the old,  
Be trained and marshalled for the fight,  
All in their country's cause enrolled,  
Strong in the majesty of right.  
Let Volunteers their ranks re-form—  
'Tis yet the calm before the storm.

Away with faction's wretched cry,  
As a banded Nation spring to arms !  
On Heaven, and on your cause rely,  
Then calmly bide war's worst alarms.  
Let Volunteers their ranks re-form—  
'Tis yet the calm before the storm !

### THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Proud emblem of Equality's vain dream,  
Go, wing thy flight, if flight ye still essay,  
To realms, where ne'er was heard thy vultures scream,  
Hounding Oppression's legions on their prey ;  
The shadow of thy wing obscures fair Freedom's ray.  
A world to Liberty repudiates thy claim,  
And half a nation spurns thy spurious sway,  
Hurls back thy hordes from every battle plain,  
Tho' lying bulletins thy triumphs still proclaim.

## 2

inge deeper yet thy wings in kindred gore,  
 rom no act of infamy thy power restrain,  
 nmolate fresh victims, scream aloud for more,  
 f the insensate slave at once let loose the chain,  
 ive half a Continent to rapine, lust and flame,  
 et Southern Chivalry undismayed shall stand,  
 hough Fanaticism may yet to blacker deeds attain,  
 epared, united in one patriot band,  
 o chaise thy rabble hordes from off her sunny land.

## 3

affled boaster, furious, scorned, enraged,  
 y, by what new cruelties shall thy cause prevail ?  
 an lust of conquest never be assuaged,  
 ill to One Tyrant's rule ye cowering quail,  
 o escape the woes the many must entail ?  
 r is't thy fate in fragments to be hurled,  
 nd retribution's record bear no darker tale ?  
 o fold thy wings in dark oblivion furled,  
 o more to fan the flames that devastate a world !

ZORRA, January, 1863.



ters scream,  
 prey;  
 edom's ray.  
 ray,  
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